

In strict accord with his known wishes, there was no pomp or display at his funeral. Simple services, without honorary pallbearers or music, were held in the little village church at which he was wont to attend service with his family, and he was buried in the country graveyard in the lot upon a hillock that he and his wife had selected soon after he retired from the Presidency.

A short time before his death he wrote to a friend who was sitting in the shadow of a supreme affliction:

"Well, friend, you and I are in the range of the rifle pits; from now on until we ourselves fall—and that date cannot be so many years distant—we shall see others whom we love fall. It is idle to complain or to rail at the inevitable; serene and high of heart we must face our fate and go down into the darkness."